

and other forms of torture are illegal, he has added to the shameful legacy of this administration.

Let me be clear. This provision should not have been necessary. Waterboarding and other forms of torture are already clearly illegal. Waterboarding has been recognized as torture for the last 500 years. President Teddy Roosevelt prosecuted American soldiers for waterboarding more than 100 years ago. We prosecuted Japanese soldiers for waterboarding Americans during World War II.

I supported this provision, despite the fact that there is no question that waterboarding is already illegal, because this administration has chosen to flout the rule of law. They have admitted they have engaged in waterboarding, otherwise known as water torture, and they refuse to say they will not do it again. The positions they have taken publicly on this subject are so destructive to the core values of this Nation and our standing in the world that both Houses of this Congress have chosen to emphasize, again, that our Government is not permitted to use these shameful techniques. His veto, while another in a series of self-interested acts, does nothing to make waterboarding any less illegal and abhorrent.

Waterboarding is torture. It always has been torture. William Safire in a recent article in *The New York Times Magazine* traced the derivation of the term "waterboarding." It was a chilling history, but most disturbing was this recitation of how it was performed on our own servicemembers:

[I]n 1953, a U.S. fighter pilot told United Press that North Korean captors gave him the 'water treatment' in which 'they would bend my head back, put a towel over my face and pour water over the towel. I could not breathe. . . . When I would pass out, they would shake me and begin again.'

The greatest tragedy of the President's veto is that he has made it harder to protect Americans and our own servicemembers from this form of torture. This administration has so twisted America's role, law, and values that our own State Department and high-ranking officials in our Department of Defense, and even our Attorney General, are not permitted to say that the waterboarding of an American is illegal. Only our enemies can take comfort in the President's veto. It sacrifices America's high moral ground and the force of international standards and says that high-ranking American officials agree with them that waterboarding is a legal and a useful interrogation "technique." It sends the signal that they are as free to use the "technique" as the Bush administration was, if they determine it to be in their best interest. That is how low we have sunk.

I confirmed in questioning the Director of the FBI just last week that in its counterterrorism efforts, the FBI continues to follow proscriptions against coercive interrogations. Our top mili-

tary lawyers and our generals and admirals also understand this issue. They have said consistently that waterboarding is torture and is illegal. They have told us again and again at hearings and in letters that intelligence gathered through cruel techniques like waterboarding is not reliable and that our use and endorsement of these techniques puts our brave men and women serving in the Armed Forces at risk. That is why they have so explicitly prohibited such techniques in their own Army Field Manual, and it is an example that the rest of the Government and the rest of the country should follow.

Yet it is a provision that would have required compliance with the Army Field Manual that caused the President to veto this bill. He said it would "harm our national security." He could not be more wrong.

When the Senate was considering the nomination of the current Attorney General, I read in *The Washington Post* and heard from some Members of this body that we could ignore the nominee's refusal to recognize that waterboarding is illegal because he had assured us that he would enforce a new law against waterboarding if Congress were to pass one. I said then that we needed no such law because waterboarding was already illegal. I said then that such an assurance was hollow and dangerous because this President would surely veto any such prohibition. Now he has.

This is about core American values, the things that make our country great. America does not torture. It should always stand against torture. This veto is another sad moment for America. America is better than this.

TRIBUTE TO GLEN GOODALL

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, one of the advantages of growing up in Montpelier, VT, is that I still see friends of mine and my family when I am back home. Glen and Esther Goodall were dear friends of my parents, Howard and Alba Leahy, and it is always nice to catch up with them, especially at the farmers' market in Montpelier in the summer.

Recently, Glen Goodall wrote a superb article for the *Times Argus* newspaper, and I ask unanimous consent that it be printed in the RECORD. In the article, he tells what happened when the USS *President Coolidge* struck anti-submarine mines and sank. Glen is one of those unsung heroes of World War II, and it is an honor to know him.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

FROM THE BIG SWIM TO MAIN STREET
VETERAN RECOUNTS FIGHTS IN PACIFIC
THEATER

Sixty-six years ago, at the age of 23, I was headed for Camp Blanding in Florida with the Vermont National Guard 172nd Infantry regiment of the 43rd Division. Our division was inducted into federal service on Feb. 24,

1941. After 18 months of training at Camp Blanding in Florida and Camp Shelby in Mississippi, plus maneuvers in Louisiana and North Carolina, we received orders to Fort Ord, Calif., where we were to embark shortly for the Pacific Theater.

The 172nd Combat team set sail on the U.S.S. *President Coolidge*. As we arrived at Espiritu Santo, an island of the New Hebrides group, on Oct. 26, 1942, the *Coolidge* accidentally struck and detonated friendly anti-submarine mines and sank. About 95 percent of the men on ship swam the 800 to 1,000 yards to shore through heavy oil, as lifeboats milled about to take others to shore. Brigadier Gen. Rose, the island commander, simply stated: "Without discipline of a superior kind, the feat of abandoning a rapidly sinking ship by some 4,000 men in less than an hour could never have been accomplished. Coolness which forestalled panic, trust in their leader, considering the safety of others, agility in scrambling down nets and ropes, all revealed the quality of their training and what soldiers call 'what it takes'."

After five months on Espiritu Santo, our supply ship from the states arrived to re-equip the regiment with all the supplies we lost when the *Coolidge* went down. We left then for Guadalcanal for a mopping-up operation and jungle training to help us for our drive toward the homeland of Japan. Those orders arrived in May 1943 to invade the New Georgia group of islands. We landed on Rendova Island, from there to Munda, fighting along the Munda Trail to Arundel along the Diamond Narrows.

On Aug. 2, 1943, Brigadier Gen. Leonard F. Wing of Rutland became the commanding general of the 43rd Division. Because of his red hair, he became known as "Red Wing" and his division known as the famous Red Wing Victory Division.

We landed in Luzon on the Philippine Islands on Jan. 9, 1945. The battle lasted 175 days. During that time we lost 965 men, 2,988 wounded and 11 missing. In the rest area in Luzon we trained to invade the homeland of Japan, and while we were training the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki on Aug. 7, 1945, and the Japanese surrendered. We left for Japan as occupational troops and saw the horrific devastation of the atomic bombs as well as the earlier fire bombing of Tokyo and Yokohama.

Two weeks later, we were relieved and headed back to the states, arriving on Oct. 6, 1945 where three years earlier we had embarked for combat on Oct. 6, 1941. Peace at last had cost us 1,561 killed, 6,049 wounded, a total of 7,610. A lot of soldiers were returning to 3-year-old children they had never seen.

I left for duty with the 172nd Infantry Regiment on Feb. 14, 1941 as a supply sergeant and ended my military career as a warrant officer on Jan. 6, 1946. I returned to Vermont and my wife on Oct. 6, 1945. I was in fairly good health but continued to have malaria for a few years.

Major Gen. Wing was the only National Guard commander to stay with the same division from the beginning to the end of the war. The 43rd Infantry (Winged Victory) Division was the only division privileged to participate in the South Pacific, Southwest Pacific and the Philippines Campaign and continue on to the Japanese homeland.

As I reflect back on my World War II memories it was always meaningful to me to be a member of the Vermont 172nd Infantry Regiment of the 43rd Division. I was born in Vermont and it has been my home for 89½ years. Some of the other Montpelier National Guard friends were Harry Seivwright, Olisse Melada, Tom Guare, Francis Carey and Ernest Gibson, who later became governor of Vermont. Some of these friends,

Harry Seivwright and Tom Guare, went into the European theater and left us after training. Ernest Gibson was wounded on one of the islands we invaded in the Pacific.

My wife and new bride, Esther, anxiously waited three years for my safe return, and we were writing and exchanging letters daily. Our local post service was super and a blessing when even on a Sunday afternoon a letter from the Pacific would be delivered to her personally sometimes by the Postmaster Ed Henry or our local carrier, Stan Fournier. Esther worked for the war effort the first year I was away, making her home with her sister in Connecticut. She worked for an industry that made fine glassware but had converted to making bomb site lenses for planes and she rode a victory bike to work daily. The last two years she returned to Montpelier and worked in the state Education Department and after working hours rolled and knitted bandages, sold war bonds, mixed the coloring in the margarine, grocery shopped with meat coupons, continued her daily letter to me and bonded with other Army wives and friends.

Vermont celebrated the victory of World War II in November and the celebration and parade were held in Montpelier marching down Main and State Street. Col. Jim Walsh of St. Albans from my outfit and I were asked to lead the parade. For Esther and me, the memories and the celebration of that day are the fondest, most emotional, happiest and proudest moments of our lives. War is a bittersweet experience.

TRIBUTE TO STEPHEN AND GWEN HUNECK

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, recently the Associated Press wrote a great article about Stephen and Gwen Huneck and their Dog Mountain studio. I have seen this article reprinted throughout the country.

If one goes into my office in Washington, my office in Vermont, my home in Vermont, or my home here, one would see many pieces of Stephen's artwork. Both Marcelle and I are great fans of his.

One of the pleasures of living in a small State like ours is that we had the opportunity to get to know Stephen and Gwen and realize what real human beings they are. They are among our valued friends, and I want the Senate to have the opportunity to read this article as part of an insight into why we think so highly of them. I ask unanimous consent to have the article printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

(By John Curran)

Degas had his ballerinas, Monet his water lilies. For Stephen Huneck, inspiration comes on four legs—its teeth dug into a stick, or tugging on a piece of rope, or playing on a beach.

The eclectic Vermont folk artist, who started out whittling wooden sculptures of dogs and now specializes in dog-themed furniture, woodcut paintings and children's books, has carved out a unique niche with his whimsical reproductions of Labrador retrievers and other dogs.

And his Dog Mountain studio and dog chapel—on a picturesque 175-acre hillside farm in rural northern Vermont—have evolved into a kind of doggy Disneyland,

drawing animal lovers and their pets from all over, and some to mourn.

To Huneck, dogs are more than man's best friend.

"I really believe they're the great spirit's special gift to mankind," said Huneck, 59. "Dogs teach us more than we teach them."

But his first lessons were tough ones.

He was bitten by a German shepherd as a toddler, terrorized by a St. Bernard on his newspaper route as a teenager and left heartbroken once when his father bought a puppy for the family—but took it back to the pound the next day.

"Through it all, I just loved dogs," he said.

A longtime antique collector, the Sudbury, Mass. native turned to art professionally in the early 1980s, using old-fashioned chisels, saws and planes to hand carve his first few canine creations. Much of the basswood, cherry, maple and pine he works with comes from his farm.

His woodcuts—dogs with halos, dogs peaking out from under bedcovers, dogs sniffing each other—brim with the playfulness of a 6-week-old puppy. His sculptures and furniture, meanwhile, range from his Angel Dog statues—a black lab with golden wings—to coffee tables with sculpted dog likeness legs, from night tables with dog head handles to rocking dogs.

Dog lovers fairly hound him for commissioned works. His client list includes actress Sandra Bullock (a dog sculpture wedding present for her husband), Dr. Phil McGraw of TV talk show fame (a drawing of his dog) and U.S. Sen. Patrick Leahy, whose Washington, D.C., office is decorated with Huneck art.

"I think, to describe his work to someone who has never seen it, you simply say 'You have to see it, I can't describe it to give it the credit it deserves,'" said R. Scudder Smith, publisher of Antiques and The Arts Weekly, in Newtown, Conn. "It is too full of fun, imagination and talent to put into words."

His books, including "Sally Goes to the Beach," "Sally Goes to the Farm" and the new "Sally Gets a Job," feature woodcut prints accompanied by simple, pithy captions that celebrate man's unique relationship with dogs.

"Like a dog, he has no inhibitions," said Rob Hunter, gallery manager for Frog Hollow Vermont State Craft Center. "He goes all over the place with his work. He has tapped into that playfulness you get with a dog."

The dog chapel grew out of a bit of inspiration after his 1994 hospitalization with Adult Respiratory Distress Syndrome, which nearly killed him. When he came out of it, he says, he had a vision.

"I kept thinking what a great thing it could be, for people not only to mourn the loss of a dog but to celebrate nature and their relationships with their dogs," he said.

Using wood harvested from his own property, Huneck modeled the one-room chapel after 19th-century Vermont churches, with vaulted ceilings, stained glass windows and wooden pews.

Built at a cost of "several hundred thousand dollars" and completed in 2000, it has stained glass windows with images of dogs peiced into them.

The wooden pew-style benches in the 30-by-22 foot main room have one-dimension dog likenesses at either end that are so realistic, Huneck says, that live dogs sniff their bottoms.

Outside, a sign welcomes all: "Welcome all creeds, all breeds. No dogmas allowed."

"I wanted the dogs to know this is their place," he says.

It's also a place for their owners—many of them still grieving over their loss, years later.

The walls are covered in handwritten remembrances and photographs left by owners. It's no accident: Paper and pencils are stocked on a door near the entrance, next to the statue of Artie the angel dog, a black Labrador with golden wings.

"We came with Webster, to remember Boris," reads one. "He passed this week. He was a good dog and we will miss him. Webster will miss him too. But our visit today will help us all. Thanks. Cambridge, Mass."

Another: "Roxie: you are the dog of my heart. You taught me so much about life and love. Always, N."

Another: "In memory of Rebel, our beautiful greyhound, who died when I was giving birth to my daughter, Kyra."

"I got this idea that I wanted people to be able to put up pictures of their dogs and put up a short paragraph about their dogs and that they could share that with other people and that it would always be there," said Huneck. "To my great surprise, the place is almost completely, totally full of photographs."

"It brings tears to your eyes, or you could start laughing. It's just incredible insight," he said.

Weddings and civil union ceremonies have been held in it, although whenever someone makes such a request, Huneck and his wife, Gwen, explain that the chapel has to remain open for others while the ceremony is being held.

The chapel, which is unheated and never closes, is busy and full of life in summer and fall, but quiet, empty and solemn on most winter days.

"It's just so unique," said Jennifer Goodman, 29, of Boston, who made the three-hour drive to it last month, accompanied by her boyfriend and her 7-year-old basset hound, Beans.

"My friends were like 'You're going to Vermont? Are you going to go skiing?' I'm like, 'No, we're going to a dog mountain,' and no one quite understands it. We literally just got here, checked into a hotel."

Twice a year, Huneck and his wife throw outdoor barbecues—with food for everyone, two legs or four.

"When dogs pull up in here, they may never have been here before, but it's like they saw the 'Disneyland' sign. They just get so excited, so happy," he said.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

TRIBUTE TO TEMPLE EMANU-EL

• Mr. ISAKSON. Mr. President, I wish to honor in the RECORD Temple Emanu-El in Dunwoody, Georgia.

On March 29, 2008, Temple Emanu-El will celebrate its 30th anniversary with a black tie gala. This traditional reform synagogue was founded in 1978 by a small group of families determined to create a spiritual home where they and their children could live and grow in the Jewish faith, and they certainly have grown. Temple Emanu-El now serves over 800 Jewish families in the metro Atlanta area. The members of this thriving and vibrant congregation should be commended for their dedication to their faith as well as their community.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure and it is a privilege to recognize on the floor of the Senate the contributions of Temple Emanu-El. I congratulate Rabbi Julie Schwartz and the entire